

CARPENTIER PROVES HE ALSO HAS A KNOCKOUT PUNCH IN LEFT HAND

JOE JEANETTE DECLARES FRENCHMAN CAN DROP ANY MAN HE HITS RIGHT

Georges Gives Demonstration of His Punching Powers in Bout With Big Colored Heavyweight.

By Robert Edgren.

CARPENTIER isn't as serenely unconscious of criticism as we have come to believe. He reads what is printed about him in the public press. He is anxious to make a good impression in America. His secret training methods have not been taken to kindly, and under his smiling exterior the gallant Frenchman has been a little bit worried.

"In France it is so different," M. Mallet of his camp explained to me. "There Georges always trains privately for his fights. He works better that way. Here it is even more important. The only object of all his training is to beat Dempsey. We would like to adopt the American custom and try to please every one; but it is impossible to let anything interfere with making him fit to win the championship. We cannot change his usual way of training. In France or England they would not expect it."

A couple of days ago Dempsey made a concession.

"Georges," he said, "if you like you may to-day show them that you can hit."

Carpentier smiled. That's how it came about that Carpentier uncoiled a few real punches. It was in the first round with Jeanette that he let one go. Spectators have said it was a right-bander on the chin. But, in fact, it was a left. Jeanette was sparring in his usual way, crouching a little, shooting out a curving left.

Carpentier, moving swiftly and also crouching, timed Jeanette's blow and beat him to it with a left like a lightning flash. The result was so sudden and surprising that few knew which hand struck the blow. Jeanette's feet left the floor. His body fell forward and he fell on his back, so that he fell on his shoulder and rolled quickly over, stunned for an instant, and motionless. Carpentier leaped in to drag him to his feet. Jeanette came up with a sheepish grin, and it was several seconds before he was steady enough to resume boxing.

I met Joe when he was dressed and ready to start home. Jeanette said it was lucky he was caught high. Carpentier hit him right over the cheek bone. Turned me right over in the air. I didn't know what had become of my feet. Do you remember I told you that time when I came back from France how this boy hit me harder than Sam Langford ever did, and came near taking me with one punch? I don't think you believed it then. Now you see how he does it.

I happened to meet Dan McKelrick, who managed Jeanette when he fought Carpentier in France. "Sure," said Dan. "I told you years ago that Carpentier was a knockout for a one-round finish. You know how fast and hard Joe could hit with that left. At the beginning of the fight he kept jabbing the Frenchie, and Carpentier took 'em with a studious look on his face and didn't try to keep away.

"Joe landed three or four, and then it happened. Carpentier had worked out the answer right there in the ring. Joe started his left and Carpentier slipped it with a right straight uppercut right and shot a short right uppercut

under Joe's armpit and nailed him flush on the chin. "Joe went down in a heap, limp. He needed the whole nine seconds and I think he was lucky to get up in time. Georges nailed him again and had him bad in the seventh or eighth round. I was the most surprised man in the place when the referee gave Joe the decision. I thought Carpentier won.

"I think Dempsey can take him, but if Jack thinks this is so, he's likely to bump into a surprise."

Jeanette thinks that Carpentier is able to knock down any man he gets a fair shot at.

Joe Says There is a Snap in Carpentier's Punches.

"The hardest punch Sam Langford ever hit me was in Boston, when Sam cracked me on the nose and broke my nose. I don't know what it was, but only dazed me and hurt me for a few minutes and I went right on fighting. Georges dropped me with a punch and came near keeping me down. I don't know what struck me when I dropped. He doesn't hit a crushing punch, but there's a snap in it that dazes you."

Carpentier's French sparring partner, Journee, is a big fellow with a thick neck and heavy jaws. I saw Carpentier shoot a short right to his chin and have to hold him up as he fell forward into a clinch.

All of the Frenchman's exercises seem designed to give power to his punch. When he punches, he has the alternate fast hitting and blow into which he puts a sudden heavy jolt that sends the leather bounding about. He has a hard right hand, left as well as the right, perhaps harder. And his timing of punches is perfect.

Carpentier has remarkable forearm and big hands. His forearms are round with muscles that show in bunches under his smooth, white skin. Bob Fitzsimmons has as good a machine for delivering heavy blows. Dempsey's exceptionally big forearms and big hands are no better.

I heard innumerable opinions that the Frenchman would go a round with Dempsey. But any man with Carpentier's physique and condition, good mind and experience, speed and hitting power has a fighting chance.

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POUGHKEEPSIE, June 8.—One of the two crews on which nationwide interest will be centered in the intercollegiate regatta here on June 22 has demonstrated in no uncertain fashion that it is a combination that will take a deal of beating in the big race. That crew is the University of California eight, which made its first appearance on the Hudson yesterday. Just what the Navy will do when it gets here on Saturday is a question. By a coincidence the Californians and the Middies are to occupy adjoining houses so that it will not be difficult to compare the two.

Contrary to general belief the California oarsmen are not supermen physically. They are as a matter of fact not as big as the men who will row for Columbia in the varsity race. They average in height just under 6 feet and were it not for a 200 pounder in the waist of the shell their average weight would be down under the 170 pound mark. But despite their lack of beef they are strong on brawn. They are as hard as rocks and as fit as can be. Their endurance is superb, as they proved in the afternoon drill yesterday when after a seven mile paddle upstream they turned around and, bucking a stiff wind which kicked up whitecaps, rowed for 30 minutes and 6 seconds without a let up. It was a fine bit of endurance work.

In watermanship the Californians are adepts. Their blade work is fair, but their time is good and they get their power on when the oar is perpendicular to the box. They were all sea yesterday, according to Ben Wallis, their coach, because of the sudden transition from the absolutely dead waters of Lake Carnegie where they have been rowing for three weeks to the swift currents of the Hudson. The oarsmen complain that the water all slips away from them on the catch and that therefore they never do get hold until the stroke is well under way. This is a grave fault and one that Wallis has begun work to correct. It was not a matter of the swift currents of the Hudson, but the fact that the water all slips away from them on the catch and that therefore they never do get hold until the stroke is well under way. This is a grave fault and one that Wallis has begun work to correct. It was not a matter of the swift currents of the Hudson, but the fact that the water all slips away from them on the catch and that therefore they never do get hold until the stroke is well under way. This is a grave fault and one that Wallis has begun work to correct.

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Three Different Offers Of \$100,000 Refused for 3-Year-Old, Playfellow

James F. Johnson Says He Won't Sell Promising Filly, Brother of Man O' War, for Cent Less Than \$125,000.

ONE hundred thousand dollars for Playfellow, the three-year-old full brother to Man O' War! That sum was offered, not once, but by three different interests at Belmont Park yesterday, and to all of them James F. Johnson, owner of the Quincey Stable, replied: "It will cost me \$125,000, gentlemen, and I'm not anxious to sell at that figure. I know \$100,000 is a price to refuse for a horse that has shown no more in public than Playfellow, but he has shown enough in private to make me feel certain that he can do anything Man O' War ever did, and I know he can beat any other three-year-old in America. He has never even tried to run fast in his two races this season, and has scarcely found out what it's all about. Of course, he would be even more valuable if he were eligible to start in the Belmont on Saturday, but I declared him out of it thinking Sunday Jim would be good enough."

Playfellow is entered in the Landonia Championship and other stakes that are worth upward of \$30,000, and I feel certain that he will earn at least \$75,000 in stakes and purses this year. Then there is his value as a sire to consider, and he could earn a big sum each year in the stud. I have a number of other good stock of my own that I would like to mate him with when the time comes, and there are other breeders who feel the same way.

The foregoing statement was offered as a reply to John I. Day, who approached Mr. Johnson with \$100,000 in currency to buy the horse. The reply was made in the presence of twenty-four hours. Mr. Day was acting for two Kentucky breeders. Others who made similar offers were Nate Fox for Landonia A. Cochran and Sam Hill for the Ranocas Stable.

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The Ranocas Stable's bid, following so closely after its purchase of William A. for \$30,000, indicates that it is hoped to put away its success of the spring season. There are many who would prefer to find Playfellow racing in the Ranocas colors and as such in a position to show for the failure of Incheape, for which \$125,000 was paid last season, and which has failed to earn a penny of that outlay since. Horsemen agree that whoever gets Playfellow will get a real horse that may eventually go on to some of the greatness of his illustrious brother.

The Belmont Park stewards issued a ruling yesterday disqualifying Beverly Belle from third place in her race of June 8 and for the race which she won on June 1, for violation of the rules relating to selling races. The further entries of C. J. Quinn, in whose colors she raced on both occasions, have been ordered refused and the case referred to the Jockey Club. Since Dick Deadey, who finished in second position on June 1, was regarded as a winner and penalized as such in the condition race for which he is entered to-day, Beverly Belle must again be recognized as a maiden if equity is to be preserved.

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LIVE WIRES

By Neal R. O'Hara.
(Copyright, 1921, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
Babe Ruth is getting to be our leading pinched hitter.

It's the price of spare parts that keeps up the high cost of living.

The reason that Shakespeare's plays are so popular with managers is because royalties are so unpopular with them.

Short circuits are responsible for the death of many vaudeville actors by starvation.

It is true that Barnum said the public liked to be fooled, but you will notice his circus came around only once a year.

Except for semi-annual dentist's bills, it doesn't cost anything to smile.

Even hard times have a silver lining. They make business good for installment collectors.

If anything happens to Carpentier July 2 he has this satisfaction: That life history he wrote is complete.

Experts Got in Many Traps During "Met" Tourney Qualifying Rounds

All the 32 Left in Title Race Had "Trouble" in First Day's Play.

By William Abbott.

Many who crowded in the "Met" championship to-day had trying moments during the qualifying test. No one survived the day without making some serious blunder. Jerry Travers, one of the most accurate putters that ever aimed at the cup, missed a ten-inch try on his first journey of the thickly trapped Garden City links. The Yankee youth needed three strokes to recover from the obstacle, one of the hardest breaks of luck of the entire day.

Qualifying scores with 165 getting in were good, but they were not much lower than those made ten years ago despite the development of high-speed balls and the entry of many more first-class golfers.

The qualifying medal went to Johnny Anderson. His rounds of 77-80 represented consistent golf, which is generally rare in an opening day's competition. Straight driving is the secret for low scoring at Garden City. Anderson's tee shots boomed down the line as if released from a cannon. The winner was hard pressed toward the finish. A long putt on the seventeenth for a birdie four turned the trick.

Anderson won the medal only by a single stroke. Parker Seely, veteran of many Metropolitan tournaments, Gardiner White, runner up in the title last year, and A. L. Walker, Columbia golf captain, were all tied at 155.

Newton Mair, twenty-one-year-old Shickamaxon Club star, who captured the Jersey State title last week, discovered to his dismay that long range driving if not well placed is a boomerang on a course that's so severely trapped. Mair, when his drives were true, did findy. But at other times he got into trouble over his head. Starting his second round the Jersey youngster, hooking his

drive badly, tried to recover too far and dropped into a deep trap guarding the green. He had to take six strokes for the hole. Then the short second, across a wide ravine, Mair barely placed on the green, but ran down a forty-foot putt for a great two.

BASEBALL TO-DAY, 3:30 P. M. POLO Grounds, Yonkers vs. Cleveland, N. Y.

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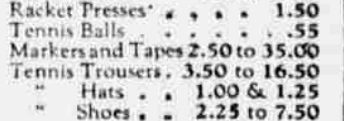
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BOXING—EBBETS FIELD

Saturday Afternoon, June 11, 2:30 P. M.
ALL-STAR CARD
JOE THOMPSON, Philadelphia, vs. CHARLEY PITT, Australia.
Lightweight, 12 Rounds.
RAY WELLS, Baltimore, vs. FRANKIE EDWARDS, Brooklyn.
Welterweight, 12 Rounds.
WILLIE KOHLER, Brooklyn, vs. BAYLON REDDY, New York.
Featherweight, 12 Rounds.
SAMMY BECK, Chicago, vs. AUSTIN CHILDS, Brooklyn.
Featherweight, 12 Rounds.

10,000 Admission Seats. . . . \$2.00
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1,000 Ring Side Box Seats. . . 6.00
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